THE HORN BOOK

Volume II NOVEMBER, 1925 *Number 1*

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THE HORN BOOK

Volume II NOVEMBER, 1925 *Number 1*

HOME READINGS IN GREEK HISTORY

By Louise V. Atherton

Editor's Note:—We are eager for more articles about home reading, and beg mothers or fathers who have carried out some plan of reading successfully to write their experience for the Horn Book.

GREEK History has long been one of the established courses in the school curriculum for pupils of high school age. Such a course alone cannot, in the time available, bring to the child any real love for Ancient Greece. This must come from the home and must come largely through reading, extending over several years, beginning with Greek myths but not stopping with them. The material for such a plan of reading, which I am attempting here to pass on to others, has been assembled gradually for use with my own children and was brought into the form here presented in work with the "little daughter" referred to. Let us start with this little daughter as we started with her seven years ago at the age of five, and follow with her the reading which has kept continually before her, during these years, the best that Greece stands for.

The first book on our list to read together is Kingsley's "Greek Heroes." Here she gets her first impression of the earlier cycle of Greek legend, the earlier kings of Athens, and the heroes who were the fathers of the heroes of Trojan War fame. She listens, perhaps with not quite the enthusiasm she has been showing over Peter Rabbit and his contemporaries, but with a more than tolerant interest. She does not grasp all that is in the stories, but she is going to hear them many times, and she is distinctly gaining a background. We follow this with stories from the Odyssey. Then comes Baldwin's "Golden Age," where we find our new friend Odysseus as a boy, watch him grow to manhood, and see him start for the war. Of course we want to go to the war with him and thus

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we come to stories from the Iliad. After this, reading and re-reading these stories, from the same versions, or preferably from different versions, and adding to them other tales of Greek mythology from all possible sources, we bring our small girl to the age of eight or nine with a never-to-be-forgotten knowledge of Hellenic life of the time of Homer and before, as reflected in the writings of Homer and in the old Greek myths. She is now ready for something more.

"With firm, unfaltering steps he led the way once more, and Theseus followed after" *

We skip over the next few centuries as containing little of interest to a young child and come down to the Persian War. Here what a wealth of material awaits us! First and foremost comes Caroline Snedeker's story of "The Spartan." Before the words "Persian War" are mentioned, before the words "Greek History" are mentioned, the child is given a copy of

*From "Children of the Dawn."

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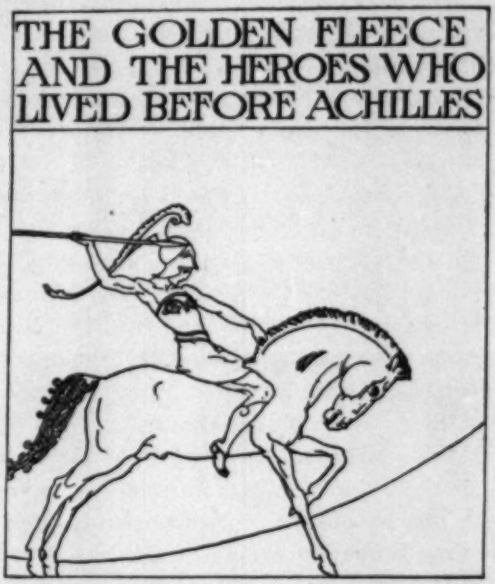
"The Spartan," and it is read aloud to her as any other story would be. That book, read aloud by a parent who loves Greece, to a child from eight to ten years of age who has already some familiarity with Greece, is assuredly one of the high-lights of child literature. By following the lines of thought suggested in this one book, we have our history reading for the coming year easily marked out. We are pelted with questions all the way along, but the interest of the story is too great to stop for more than cursory answers. After the story is finished, we go back for the questions; then we find our scant knowledge of



Greek literature taxed to its limit to supply reading matter to satisfy half the demands of this small person who has suddenly had such a new and wonderful world opened up before her. The uppermost question as we close the book is, "Who were the Persians?" We turn to Xenophon and read his childhood of Cyrus. We turn to Herodotus and find his account of Cyrus. We keep on reading in Herodotus, with omissions, to the very end; we find the passage which suggested the story to Mrs. Snedeker. Plutarch's "Themistocles" also becomes interesting here, and Browning's "Pheidippides." Meantime, other lines

of thought are pressing upon us. Aristodemus, brought up in Athens to the age of ten, is taken to Sparta where he is trained by the famous Spartan discipline. Plutarch's "Lycurgus" will tell us much about this discipline and is sure to interest. Later on in the story, on his way from Sparta to Delphi, Aristodemus goes through Arcadia, the home of Artemis and Atalanta, the birthplace of Hermes and Pan. What an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Hesiod, Pindar, and the Homeric Hymns to Hermes and Pan! He goes to Delphi. What is Delphi? The story of "The Perilous Seat" will tell us.

And now we are going to leave our little student for a time to enjoy the thought of Athens at the height of her glory. We do not want her to hear of its fall for the present. Instead, we are going to lead her to other parts of the ancient world. First, we are going back for a quick survey of pre-historic times. Then we shall show her the old civilizations, Egyptian, Hebrew, Babylonian, Assyrian. We can dwell on the wonders of the results of excavation, a subject of much interest to children. From now on, the pictures in Hammerton's "Wonders of the Past" become indispensable. A scrapbook in which we can put pictures, chronological outlines, and favorite bits of literature will help to make the study interesting. Frequent visits to some art museum are a constant help. In every way possible during our work on these ancient civilizations, we are trying to co-ordinate our knowledge, so that our little Greek student will see as a whole the world of which Greece was to become a part.

And now we are ready to start afresh with our Greek history, this time beginning not with myth and legend, but with real history that has been unearthed in later years. Here we come upon fresh thrills as we find possible real settings for some of our favorite stories—in all cases a real life that accompanied these stories. This time, as we come down through the centuries, we can make stops where we hurried on before. We can read Homer now from translation, instead of from the simplified adaptations. We can find more to enjoy in the sixth and fifth century poets. We must not miss the "Victor of Salamis." We have already learned something of two of the great historians. We can now learn something of a third, drawing much of our material for the Peloponnesian War from

Thucydides. We can explore a little way together among the great dramatists—a very little way only, but enough to give us a taste of the treasures reserved for a later time. We are meanwhile not forgetting the art of the different periods as we come to them. Plutarch continues to supply us with all the biography we have time for. Theseus, Aristides, Pericles, Alcibiades, we are now able to enjoy—and finally Alexander. And with Alexander we shall again leave the child, this time at the age of eleven or twelve, with an unconscious affection for Greece, which will be sure to lead her to seek opportunities for further study of Greece and possibly of the Greek language itself, "one of the greatest creations of Greek art."

MYTH AND LEGEND (Ages 5-8)

Greek Heroes	*Charles Kingsley*
The Story of the Odyssey	*Alfred J. Church*
A Story of the Golden Age	*James Baldwin*
The Story of the Iliad	*Alfred J. Church*
The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy	*Padraic Colum*
The Golden Fleece	*Padraic Colum*
Book of Myths	*Jean Lang*
Tanglewood Tales	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
Wonder Book	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
Old Greek Folk Stories	*Josephine Preston Peabody*
Children of the Dawn	*Elsie Finnimore Buckley*
Greek Legends (For stories of Hercules)	Translations from *Niebuhr*
The Story of the Greek People	*Eva March Tappan*

GREEK HISTORY (First Reading) (Age 9)

The Spartan	*Caroline Snedeker*
The Perilous Seat	*Caroline Snedeker*
Cyropædia (Parts)	*Xenophon*
Selections	*Herodotus*
Themistocles	*Plutarch*
Lycurgus	*Plutarch*
Pheidippides	*Robert Browning*
Selections	*Pindar*
Selections	*Hesiod*
Homeric Hymn to Hermes	
Homeric Hymn to Pan	
A Musical Instrument	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*
Rachel and the Seven Wonders	*Netta Syrett*
*Theras and His Town	*Caroline Snedeker*
*Men of Old Greece	*Jennie Hall*
*Buried Cities	*Jennie Hall*
*Four Old Greeks	*Jennie Hall*

ANCIENT HISTORY (Age 10)

	THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENT WORLD	*Dorothy Mills*
Parts only	A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD	*Virgil M. Hillyer*
	ANCIENT MAN	*Hendrik Van Loon*
	ANCIENT TIMES	*James H. Breasted*
	READINGS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY (Vol. I)	*William S. Davis*
	OLD TESTAMENT	
	WONDERS OF THE PAST	*J. A. Hammerton*

OLD KINGDOM SCULPTURE—Pamphlet in Mastaba Gallery, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

TOMB OF DEHUTI-NEKHT AND HIS WIFE—Pamphlet in Middle Empire Room, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

BELSHAZZAR	*William S. Davis*
THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS	*Georg Ebers*
*THE TREE DWELLERS	*Katharine E. Dopp*
*THE EARLY CAVE MAN	*Katharine E. Dopp*
*THE LATER CAVE MAN	*Katharine E. Dopp*
*THE EARLY SEA PEOPLE	*Katharine E. Dopp*
*HOW THE PRESENT CAME FROM THE PAST (Vols. I and II)	*Margaret E. Wells*

GREEK HISTORY (Second Reading) (Age 11)

THE STORY OF GREECE	*Mary Macgregor*
Chapters on Greece in histories noted above	
THE VICTOR OF SALAMIS	*William S. Davis*
THE PAGEANT OF GREECE (With omissions)	*R. W. Livingstone*
DESCRIPTION OF "THE BOSTON RELIEF"—Pamphlet in Museum of Fine Arts, Boston	
THE ROMANCE OF EXCAVATION	*D. Masters*
SELECTIONS FROM GREEK POETS AND DRAMATISTS— THESEUS, ARISTIDES, PERICLES, ALCIBIADES, ALEXANDER	*Plutarch*
SELECTIONS	*Thucydides*
OUTLINE OF LITERATURE [Parts on Greece]	*John Drinkwater*

* Books for a child to read to himself.

THE JESTER'S PURSE

The Prize Play

THE One Hundred Dollar Prize which The Bookshop offered for an original play to be produced by children from eight to fourteen years has been awarded to Miss Nydia E. Minchin for her play—"The Jester's Purse." This play is interesting from many points of view. First of all it is highly colorful. The scene is the King's Highway leading from London Town to Epping Forest and the village green during Mayfair. The plot is simple and of the kind which children will enjoy. The characters, among which are bluff King Hal and his courtiers, gypsies, slow-witted countrymen, pretty country maids, and a pompous over-bearing constable, all give scope for good acting. The play is so planned that by substituting other music and reading "Mid-Summer Day" or "Harvest Fair" for "Mayfair" it can be made suitable for any summer festival. While it would be at its best when given with a large caste out-of-doors, it would be easy to adapt it to a small group, as few as 25 or 30, and to an indoor stage.

The story of the play is as follows:

The scene opens with the King's Jester coming along the highway fondling his purse and its content—a bright new penny. He is considering in a true jester's monologue what the penny will buy for him at Mayfair. Just then he discovers a gypsy lad leaning against a tree. Associating gypsies with robbing, he immediately becomes terrified and throws his purse at the gypsy boy before taking to his heels. The scene changes to the gypsy encampment. Here all is consternation when they find that the purse of the King's Jester has come into their possession, for the Romanys are friendly to the King. He saved them once from the hands of the hostile constable, Peter Gibbs, who had sworn "he would hang any Romany he ever proved anything to." They make a charm to divine how they may return the purse, and the witch-rod points out the lads and lasses that must go to Mayfair to return the purse to the King himself.

Meanwhile, the King, who is fond of hunting, gives up the

hunt because his favorite, the Jester, is missing, and goes to Mayfair to seek him. He finds Mayfair at its height with the domineering constable poking his finger into every man's business. The Jester is there spreading the news that the gypsies have his purse which he now reports as having been full of gold pieces, given him by his good master, the King, to spend at Mayfair. The constable is glad to have caught the gypsies robbing on the highroad and starts off to take them captive. When the gypsies appear, the gypsy lad gets the ear of the King and tells the story of the purse. Bluff King Hal, who loves a joke and sees the ludicrous part his Jester has played, decides to take things into his own hands, with the result that the poor constable, having declared that the man with the missing purse shall hang, has the disconcerting experience of having it taken from his own saddle-bag. All but the constable enjoy the joke and the play ends with a merry May-Pole dance.

The action of the play is swift, the speeches short, and the scenes of the gypsy encampment and Mayfair are full of interest. There is much humor throughout.

Any one interested in producing this play may apply to The Bookshop. Several other plays are being held from the entries with the idea of making arrangements with the authors for their use. They are as follows:

On the Tower of the Shadows by Marian K. Brown.
(A Zuñi Indian Play.)

Kaw-Eh by Elizabeth W. De Huff.
(A Pueblo Indian Fantasy.)

Sir Richard Serves His Queen by Ida Ferguson Owen.
(A May Day Play.)

The Wilderness Road by Elma Ehrlich Levinger.
(A Chronicle Play of Daniel Boone and Early Kentucky.)

The Coming of Summer by Gertrude Porter Driscoll and Clara Belle Peterson.
(Adapted from the American Indian Fairy Tale.)

NEW BOOKS

WE talk a great deal about pushing children on to "real literature" and the "classics" as rapidly as possible. There are many books written for children nowadays which may fairly be considered both literature and classics. We should not only be glad to have boys and girls linger over their reading but we grown-ups may also turn to them for relaxation and pure delight. They are like broad meadows, and woodlands rich in spruces, hemlock, beech, oak, and birches, with riotous brooks flowing through, and boulders adding to the interest of the landscape. Or they are like the ocean with its bold waves and windswept sky, and its calm blueness of sunshiny days.

There has come to us this fall one of the loveliest editions of "Arabian Nights" yet published, because of the illustrations by the English artist, E. J. Detmold. Detmold has been known to us in the past by his true and charming pictures of "Baby Birds," "Baby Dogs," and "Baby Animals." But here is a book which shows the artist expressing himself in the color, richness, and freedom of the tales themselves.

Turn from this fine color-printing of England* to a beautiful piece of American color-printing:—Saint François d'Assise,—the life of the Saint told through water-colors, painted in Assisi by a Benedictine monk from the Monastery on the Isle of Wight. The story of the artist, Pedro Subercaseaux, is somewhat like that of the Saint. He is the son of a wealthy Chilean family long prominent in diplomatic circles who has chosen to give himself entirely to the spiritual life.

A small new book of legends is a gem of American bookmaking, while the thrill of its illustration comes from Russia and its text from Ireland. Is not that in itself a symbol of the unique opportunity of America?—to give appreciative, forceful form to the art and imagination which has chosen this country as its new home. "The Forge in the Forest" then, by Padraic Colum, with pictures by Boris Artzybasheff. The cover is shiny black cloth, relief-stamped in green and gold.

*It is true that the book bears an American imprint, but the color plates were done in England.

Lining papers bear figures representing the four elements,—Fire (in a strange orangey red), Water (blue and green), Earth (black and green and red), and Air (blue). Just to suggest the vigor and originality of the drawings we have reproduced one of the double-page illustrations, as "lining papers" for this Horn Book. We could not, of course, reproduce the full color. What is the book about?

> "I know a shoe-maker who makes shoes without leather out of four elements,—fire, water, earth, and air, and every customer gets two pair."

Read it and see!

Padraic Colum has a second book among the new publications,—"The Voyagers, Being Legends and Histories of Atlantic Discovery," described on page 22. Does he draw his inexhaustible tales from some secret "well of the saints," piped by magic to New York City?

"Chi-Wée" is another of the fall's books to be ranked as literature. It was read by the Horn Book editor with a mounting feeling of high excitement. Grace Moon in telling this story of a little Pueblo Indian girl, her daily life and adventures in the mesa, the canyon and the desert, is writing of things she has known and seen, and her husband has aided and abetted her with his drawings. Those who like "Chi-Wée" will want to read an earlier book by the same authors,—"Lost Indian Magic."

Then there are two new Chinese story collections of distinction. "The Rabbit Lantern" tells of Chinese children playing with their pet birds, placing the bowl of rice before the Kitchen God, gathering straw sandals from the street for their fires; watching, lest the anchor slip while father is away from the boat; and many other incidents of everyday life. It is not only that they seem true in background, atmosphere, and action, that they are natural and unstrained, but they also have literary quality. They were written by Dorothy Rowe, an American girl who was born in China and grew up there. She writes of what she knows, but perhaps their fine flavor comes from her having turned them over in her memory when she was away from China. The other Chinese book, "Shen of the Sea," is very different. Before the next number of the Horn Book comes out we shall try to find out how its author,

Arthur Bowie Chrisman, came to write these stories so full of veritable Chinese life and thought that one could easily think them translations from the Chinese.

Books grow in such different ways. Take "The Gallery of Children," for example. That grew in a way which all serious-minded folk would have said was impossible,—backwards, in fact. A famous soap and perfumery firm had a new fabric soap to put on the market, and a young woman in the advertising department said, "Let me go to Europe and persuade a famous artist to make really lovely pictures for us." So she went, and she persuaded Willebeek Le Mair, a Dutch artist of high idealism, interested recently in decorating children's hospital walls and interiors of children's chapels.

These pictures appeared on the back of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* one by one. Then a publisher in Philadelphia obtained the right to put them in a book, and commissioned the same young woman to find the person to write stories to go with the pictures; and she found the right person in Mr. Milne. It is as though he made a story about the picture he held in his hand for Christopher Robin standing by his side. Just as Dorothy Canfield told her "Made-to-Order Stories" from the strange ingredients demanded by her son, so Mr. Milne has told his stories from the material provided by these pictures. He *has* succeeded, and we think the stories are even more fun when you know how they grew.

Then there are "Poor Cecco" and "The Little Wooden Doll," both by Margery Williams Bianco, mother of Pamela Bianco and author of "The Velveteen Rabbit" of two years ago. Pamela made the pictures for "The Little Wooden Doll" when she was a small child, and we hope many small boys and girls will have the chance to enjoy this story of a doll who was scorned by children but honored and transformed by friendly mice. There's a very different wooden doll in "Poor Cecco." Her name is Jensina and she's great fun. We know that Pamela's sister is known as "Cecco" in the family and we can't help wondering if the toys in this story were not real toys in the Bianco family, and these stories ones which Mrs. Bianco related before the fire to the little Pamela and Cecco. (See also page 20.)

THE GRANGE,
WEST KENSINGTON, W.

My dear katie

i am quite well. Mrs Art wouldnt let me draw that boy any more, she says i must begin with easier things and take more pains she brought me a bird to draw from it was like this it is too easy, i told her so—i drew it right off at once. she says i dont give my mind to it and it isn't true for i do, ever so much mind, i hate copying things i like to draw out of my head dear katie please ask your mama if she could go on Monday instead of Wednesday to see the big picture

i remain

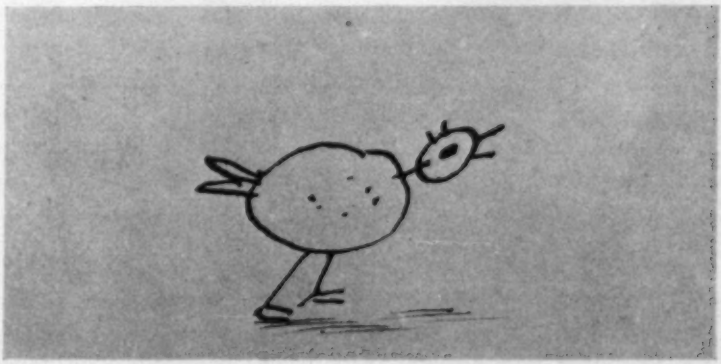
your 'fectionate

mr beak

LETTERS TO KATIE by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. With an introductory note by W. Graham Robertson. *Macmillan* $3.00

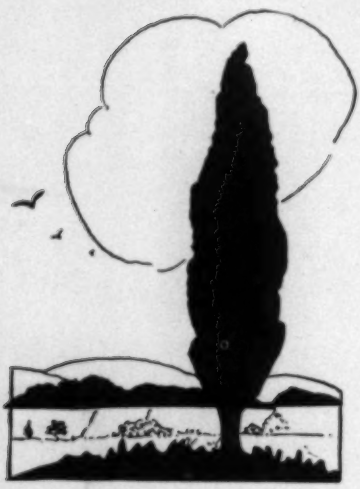
"Those who knew the painter only through his pictures must regard him as a wanderer from some lovely, lost planet, aweary and astray in this working-day world; yet to the few and fortunate honoured by his friendship another side was revealed, and this little book of letters and drawings raises a corner of the veil from that inner sanctuary of his mind. . . ."—INTRODUCTION.

it is too easy, i
told her so - i
drew it right off



CHIMNEY CORNER STORIES—Tales for Little Children collected and retold by Veronica S. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. *Minton* $2.50

THE CARELESS CHICKEN by Baron Krakensides. Illustrated by Harry B. Neilson. *Warne* 1.00



THE LITTLE GREY GOOSE by Felicité Lefèvre. Illustrated by Freda Derrick. *Macrae* 1.00

THE LITTLE LOST PIGS by Helen Orton. *Stokes* 1.25

A CHILD'S BOOK OF COUNTRY STORIES by Ada and Eleanor Skinner. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. *Duffield* 2.50

LITTLE DOG READY AT HOME by Mabel F. Stryker. *Holt* 1.75

THE COCK AND THE LITTLE HEN by R. D. Szalatnay. Illustrated in color by Rudolf Mates. *Szalatnay* 2.50

TYKE-Y: HIS BOOK AND HIS MARK by Elinor Whitney *Macmillan* 1.50

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls is full of pride this fall because a member of its staff has had a book published. Miss Elinor Whitney, Assistant-Director of The Bookshop, and Assistant-Editor of the Horn Book, has written "Tyke-y, His Book and His Mark," and illustrated it with silhouettes. The Macmillan Company has published it. In the book a Welsh terrier tells of his experiences during his first, and alas! his only, summer in the country. In order that readers of the Horn Book may have an *impartial* word regarding "Tyke-y, His Book," the Editor has asked Miss Alice M. Jordan to write her opinion of it.

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Alice's exclamation, "And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" comes readily to mind when you lay down the story of Tyke-y.

It is a little child's book, chronicling the mischief and fun of an engaging young animal in simple enough language for the six-year-old, and illustrated with amusing silhouettes by the author.

Whoever has known a dog as a member of his own household, will love it, for the endearing young charms that are Tyke-y's are those also of your dog and mine. ALICE M. JORDAN.

ADVENTURES IN OUR STREET by Gertrude Kay. *McKay* 2.50

CHARLIE AND HIS COAST GUARDS by Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill. *Macmillan* 1.25

A GALLERY OF CHILDREN by A. A. Milne, with pictures in color by H. Willebeek Le Mair. *McKay* 3.50

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS by Ethel Calvert Phillips. *Houghton* 1.50

ABOUT ELLIE AT SANDACRE by Eleanor Verdery. *Dutton* 2.00

The Baby-Who-Couldn't-Talk-Plain was a very generous child, and none of us ever dreamed of making fun of the way he talked because we were all so fond of him. He had by far the finest rocking horse in the street. He called the horse Prince, which was a very good name because Prince did not look at all like a common horse, having always a very proud glitter in his round glassy eyes. Then, too, he had a wonderful gallop very much like a "really" horse. And he was coal black, with a stiff black tail and a very red nose and mouth.

From "Adventures in Our Street"

O my, so many lanterns! Which one should he choose? Mother followed him about and liked looking at the lanterns, too. She told him to take any one that he wanted, but Mother liked the flower lanterns best, she said. They were very pretty, all red petals and big green paper leaves and a lighted candle at the very heart of the flower. Springtime thought any one could get flowers, but you couldn't ever get a rabbit that had red eyes and wheels for legs and a long tail that looked like cocoanut shreds.

THE RABBIT LANTERN AND OTHER STORIES OF CHINESE CHILDREN by Dorothy Rowe. Illustrations by Ling Jui Tang. *Macmillan* 1.75

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CURTSIED by Mary and Margaret Baker. Illustrated in silhouette. *Duffield* 2.00

THE GOBLINS OF HAUBECK by Alberta Bancroft. *McBride* 1.50

THE WOODEN DOLL by Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

MR. MARIONETTE by Kathleen Colville. *Houghton* 1.50

THE POPE'S MULE by Alphonse Daudet. With pictures in color and line by Herouard. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

One day Tistet took it into his head to make the mule go up with him into the belfry tower, the highest point of the palace! And this is no idle tale that I tell you. Two hundred thousand Provençals saw it take place. You may fancy the poor mule's agony of fright when, after climbing a winding staircase for an hour in the dark, she suddenly found herself on an open platform, in blinding sunshine, and saw a thousand feet below all Avignon like a puppet-show. The market stalls no bigger than hazel-nuts, the Pope's soldiers in front of their barracks looking like red ants, and farther off, over a thread of silver, a tiny bridge where people were dancing. Ah, poor creature, what a state she was in! She neighed so shrilly that all the palace windows rattled.

KING PENGUIN—a Legend of the South Sea Isles by Richard Henry Horne. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

THE ENCHANTED CHILDREN by Vivian T. Pomeroy. *Houghton* 1.75

TWILIGHT STORIES by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. *Houghton* 1.75

❦ ❦

THE FLYING CARPET. Edited by Cynthia Asquith. *Scribner* 2.50

NUMBER 3 JOY STREET by Walter de la Mare and others. *Appleton* 2.50

Story and poem collections by contemporary British writers.

❦ ❦

POOR CECCO, THE WONDER STORY OF A WONDERFUL WOODEN DOG WHO WAS THE JOLLIEST TOY IN THE HOUSE UNTIL HE WENT OUT TO EXPLORE THE WORLD by Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. *Doran* 3.00

Reading from left to right — Poor Cecco, Bulka and Jensina

If it hadn't been for the automobile, Poor Cecco was quite sure his map would have come out all right.

"Let's leave the automobile out," suggested Bulka.

"We can't," said Poor Cecco. "The automobile must have gone this way." And he traced another line.

"But it would have gone straight into the long grass!" Bulka objected.

"Don't be silly!" said Poor Cecco. "Can't you see it's only a map? The question is where are we now?"

"That isn't the question at all," put in Jensina, rather snappily, for she was getting tired watching Poor Cecco stick in his twigs and stones. "I know perfectly well where we are now. I'm not an idiot! What I want to know is where we are going?"

❦ ❦

DR. DOLITTLE'S ZOO by Hugh Lofting. *Stokes* 2.50

Dr. Dolittle's activities immediately following his voyages. Full of fresh interest and amusement.

❦ ❦

SHEN OF THE SEA by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Illustrated with silhouettes by Else Hasselriis. *Dutton* 2.00

BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER STORIES by Walter de la Mare. *Knopf* 2.50

THE FAT OF THE CAT by Gottfried Keller. Swiss fairy tales adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Albert Sallak. *Harcourt* 3.00

THE HAPPY DRAGON AND OTHER STORIES by A. Thatcher and C. J. Hogarth. *Brentano* 2.00

MADE-TO-ORDER STORIES by Dorothy Canfield. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. *Harcourt* 2.50

Very interesting and original stories made up for a ten-year-old boy who supplied the ingredients—the more remotely related the better—for example, "about an ironing board, a big grandfather clock, a bag of popcorn, a bottle of ink, a yellow and black and red stone."

From "Shen of the Sea"

ALICE IN ORCHESTRALIA by Ernest LaPrade. With a foreword by Walter Damrosch. *Doubleday* 1.00

"Alice is to be envied, for there is hardly anything about a modern symphony orchestra—its make-up, its functions, its manner of speaking that universal language of human emotions—that she does not learn through the pages of this book."—FOREWORD.

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DAVID GOES VOYAGING by David Binney Putnam. *Putnam* 1.75

A twelve-year-old boy's account of his three months with the William Beebe scientific expedition aboard the *Arcturus*.

THE JUNGLE MAN AND HIS ANIMALS by Carveth Wells. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. *Duffield* 3.00

Laughable tales of jungle life, many true, written in the loose, formless style of impromptu story-telling.

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MIGHTY MEN by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Hugh Chesterman.

Book I—From Achilles to Julius Cæsar.

Book II—From Beowulf to William the Conqueror.

Appleton. Each 1.00

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST by Padraic Colum. Illustrated in color and line by Boris Artzybasheff.

Macmillan 2.00

THE VOYAGERS: LEGENDS AND HISTORY OF ATLANTIC DISCOVERY by Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Wilfred Jones.

Macmillan 2.00

Prince Henry of Portugal, named the Navigator, is the figure of history who holds these legends and histories together in a very picturesque and enthralling way. To his tower, "built in a lonely place upon a cliff that went down steeply into the ocean," travellers from many lands came and told of former times,—The Legends of Atlantis, The Voyage of Maelduin, The Voyages of Saint Brendan, The Children of Eric the Red. Prince Henry from his tower looked across the Western Ocean and dreamed of land beyond and of ways to come to it. His dreams were fulfilled in the later voyages of Columbus, Ponce de Leon, and John Smith, and so these follow and we read them with the old legends which form their background freshly in our minds.

CHI-WEE by Grace Moon. *Doubleday* 2.00

A new little girl has come to join the circle of favorite book friends. This is no less than Chi-Wee, who lives with her mother in a pueblo in the far West, where there is blue sky and sunshine and the space of the desert about their home.

When you are reading her story you can almost see the little brown rabbits, scampering from one bank to another, you can almost smell the sagebrush, and feel the desert wind in your face.

Whether you go with Chi-Wee to gather pinyon nuts, or to get clay for the beautiful brown jars her mother makes, whether you join her and Loki in playing games on the mesa, or stand beside her as she weaves at the loom, you will find it all a wonderful adventure of which you cannot miss a word.

For she is a little Indian girl, the truest kind of American, with straight black hair and lovely dark eyes, and she seems just as real and delightful a companion as Heidi or Katrinka.

And we only need to read how Chi-Wee, by accident, discovers the precious red clay for pottery, how she buys the soft blue shawl with the red underside for her dearly loved mother, how she has a marvelous dream in a queer house on the cliff, and how she protects her baby brother, to know the words of her mother are true:

"White hearts are just the same as Indian ones inside."

—ALICE M. JORDAN.

ROUND THE WORLD IN FOLK TALES. Sixteen stories from various lands with a chapter on their meaning. Compiled and edited by Rachel M. Fleming. *Harcourt* 1.50

WONDER TALES OF OLD JAPAN by Bernard Henderson and C. Calvert. Illustrated by Constance E. Rowlands. *Stokes* 2.50

WONDER TALES OF OLD SPAIN by Bernard Henderson and C. Calvert. *Stokes* 2.50

CROATIAN TALES OF LONG AGO by Iv. Berlic Mazuranic. *Stokes* 3.00

TIBETAN FOLK TALES by A. L. Shelton. *Doran* 2.00

TOLD BENEATH THE NORTHERN LIGHTS by Roy Snell. *Little* 2.00

NAVAJO TALES by William Whitman, 3rd. *Houghton* 1.75

For now the hunted prairie people knew
How powerful the Gray Fox camp had grown
On Goose Creek; how along the Yellowstone
The mounted soldiers and the walking ones,
A multitude—had got their wagon guns,
Of which the voice was thunder and the stroke,
Far off, a second thunder and a smoke
That bit and tore.
What hope was left in anything but flight?
And whither? O, the world was narrow now!

THE SONG OF THE INDIAN WARS by John G. Neihardt. *Macmillan* 2.25

A stirring epic poem, the third in a cycle that pictures the opening of the Great West.

THE CHILDREN OF DICKENS. By Samuel McChord Crothers. With illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith. *Scribner* 2.50

Dr. Crothers has woven together selections from Dickens in a way that will delight lovers of Dickens and entice young readers to him.

ST. FRANÇOIS D'ASSISE d'après les Aquarelles de P. Subercaseaux errazuriz moine Bénédictin de Solesmes. *Jones* 25.00

For further notice see Introduction to this list. The text is in French and English.

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Stories

A PATRIOT LAD OF OLD SALEM by Russell Gordon Carter. *Penn* 1.50

OG BOY OF BATTLE by Irving Crump. *Dodd* 2.00

CRICKET: A LITTLE GIRL OF THE OLD WEST by Forrestine C. Hooker. *Doubleday* 1.75

THE FIRST DAYS OF HISTORY by Frederic Arnold Kummer. *Doran* 2.00

TONTY OF THE IRON-HAND by Everett McNeil. *Dutton* 2.00

RAIN ON THE ROOF by Cornelia Meigs. *Macmillan* 2.00

THE AMERICAN TWINS OF 1812 by Lucy Fitch Perkins *Houghton* 1.75

MISTRESS MADCAP by Edith Bishop Sherman. *Doubleday* 1.75

SILENT SCOT, FRONTIER SCOUT by C. L. Skinner. *Macmillan* 1.75

JUDY'S PREFECT YEAR by Ethel Hume Bennett. *Houghton* 1.75

ALL FOR ANDOVER by C. M. Fuess *Lothrop* 1.75

FRIENDS AND RIVALS, A STORY OF ST. TIMOTHY'S by Arthur Stanwood Pier. *Houghton* 1.75

YEA, SHERITON by George F. Pierrot. *Doubleday* 1.75

BOB GRAHAME AT SEA by Felix Riesenberg. *Harcourt* 2.50

MARTY LU by Mary Dickerson Donahey. *Doubleday* 1.75

BELOVED ACRES by John H. Hamlin. *Century* 1.75

MAKESHIFT FARM by Hildegarde Hawthorne. *Appleton* 1.75

QUINBY AND SON by William Heyliger. *Appleton* 1.75

THE PLUCKY ALLENS by Clara D. Pierson. *Dutton* 2.00

BLUEBONNET BEND by Augusta Huiell Seaman. *Century* 1.75

CHILDREN OF THE ALPS by Johanna Spyri. *Lippincott* 1.50

In the Shadow of the Skyscrapers by Mabel Cleland Widdemer. *Harcourt* 1.75

The Medicine Buffalo by Elmer Russell Gregor. *Appleton* 1.75

The Living Forest by Arthur Heming. *Doubleday* 2.00

Trail and Pack Horse by James Howard Hull. *Doubleday* 1.75

The Jungle Pirates by Leo E. Miller. *Scribner* 2.00

Christopher and the Clockmakers by Sarah Ware Bassett. *Little* 1.65

The Boy with the American Red Cross by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. *Lothrop* 1.75

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Plays, Poetry, Songs, and Games

The Brownies in Fairyland by Palmer Cox and Malcolm Douglas. *Century* 1.50

Ritual and Dramatized Folkways by Ethel Reed Jasspon and Beatrice Becker. *Century* 2.50

Old King Cole and Other Mediæval Plays by Josephine Elliott Krohn. *Doran* 1.50

International Plays for Young People by Virginia Olcott. *Dodd* 1.75

Knave of Hearts by Louise Saunders. With pictures by Maxfield Parrish. *Scribner* 10.00

Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman by Stark Young. Illustrated by Edwin Avery Park. *Holt* 2.00

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Songs for Youth by Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Lee Bates. *Doubleday* 2.50

Mr. Kipling has chosen these poems from his collections with young people in mind.

Another Book of Verses for Children by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. *Macmillan*

PLAYTIME AND COMPANY by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. *Doran* 1.50

POEMS CHOSEN BY BOYS AND GIRLS. Arranged by Fowler Wright and Crompton Rhodes. *Blackwell* 2.00

FOURTEEN SONGS FROM "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG"
THE KING'S BREAKFAST
Both with words by A. A. Milne. Music by H. Fraser-Simson. Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. *Dutton* Each 3.00

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THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS by James Weldon Johnson. *Viking Press* 3.50

❦ ❦

SUPPOSE WE PLAY by Imogen Clark. *Crowell* 2.00

PARTIES FOR OCCASIONS by Claire Wallis and Nellie Ryder Gates. *Century* 1.75

❦ ❦

THE THREE OWLS—a book about children's books by Anne Carroll Moore. *Macmillan* 2.50

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHANNA SPYRI'S CHILDHOOD by Anna Ulrich. *Crowell* .60

YOUNGER DAYS OF FAMOUS WRITERS by Katherine D. Cather. *Century* 1.75

❦ ❦

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK OF DISCOVERY by T. C. Bridges. *Little* 2.00

BOYS' BOOK OF SHIPS by Charles E. Cartwright. *Dutton* 2.50

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA by J. G. Lockhart. *Stokes* 3.00

PERILS OF THE SEA by J. G. Lockhart. *Stokes* 3.00

A collection of exciting, thrilling, and, naturally, more or less gruesome tales of disasters at sea, told for the most part in the exact language of some survivor, with introduction and additions by Mr. Lockhart, who is skillful in vivid narration. Since the stories are told by different narrators they necessarily vary in interest. One of the most dramatic and the one having the greatest interest for the modern reader is the description of the sinking of the *Titanic*, written by the author himself.

The book is adapted for older boys and adults.

The illustrations that are not entirely imaginative, those that reproduce the details of old ships, are an addition to the book.

C. M. MILLER.

THE BOY SCIENTIST by A. Frederick Collins. *Lothrop* 2.50

THE STORY OF MAN'S WORK by William R. Hayward and Gerald W. Johnson. *Minton* 3.00

> "A story of the struggles and labors of millions of men and women throughout hundreds of centuries directed to building up and preserving. . . . Designed to give a working knowledge of the economic system under which we live." —PREFACE.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND by Royal J. Davis. *Harper* 1.75

BOYS' LIFE OF U. S. GRANT by William O. Stevens. *Harper* 1.75

An unusually readable and well-balanced life of a national and military hero, written with a fine sense of values. While giving the military achievements their proper significance, value, and space, there is no undue glorification of war. Even an ardent pacifist could put this into the hands of his boy without misgivings, for the author has emphasized those traits of character in Grant which are worthy of emulation, his honesty, his devotion to a cause, his self-effacement, and at the same time does not ignore his faults. There is plenty of anecdote and human interest.

It is an absorbing and stimulating book for boys, and can be read with interest by grown-ups who wish to refresh their memories.

Good maps help to make clear the movements of the army in the important campaigns.

C. M. MILLER.

BIRDS AND THEIR ATTRIBUTES by Glover Morrill Allen. *Jones* 3.50

EVERYDAY DOINGS OF INSECTS by Evelyn Cheesman. *McBride* 2.50

A GUIDE TO THE TREES by Carlton C. Curtis. *Greenberg* 1.50

THE PERSONALITY OF WATER ANIMALS by Royal Dixon and Brayton Eddy. *Brentano* 2.50

A YEAR IN THE WONDERLAND OF BIRDS by Hallam Hawksworth. *Scribner* 1.75

MUSHROOMS by W. B. McDougall. *Houghton* 3.00

THE WAY OF THE WILD by Herbert Ravenel Sass. *Minton* 2.50

Some New Illustrated Editions

PRAIRIE ROSE by Bertha E. Bush. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. *Little* 2.00

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO by C. Collodi. Illustrated in colors by Attilio Mussino. Translated by Carol Della Chiesa. *Macmillan* 5.00

THE DEERSLAYER by James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. *Scribner* 2.50

THE PILOT by James Fenimore Cooper. Pictures by Donald Teague. *Minton* 2.50

DAME WIGGIN OF LEE AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS. Illustrated by Roy Meldrum. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

A DOG OF FLANDERS by Louise de la Rámee. Illustrated by Gustave Tenggren. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD THE YOUNGER by Charles Dickens. Abridged by Edith Freelove Smith and illustrated by Harriet Savage Smith. *Macmillan* 2.00

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Illustrated by E. J. Detmold. *Dodd* 5.00

LES MISÉRABLES by Victor Hugo. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. *Dodd* 3.50

THE GOLDEN PORCH by W. M. L. Hutchinson. A book of Greek fairy tales. With illustrations by Dugald Stewart Walker. *Longmans* 2.00

THE CUCKOO CLOCK AND THE TAPESTRY ROOM by Mrs. Molesworth. With the original illustrations in color and line by Walter Crane. *Macmillan* 1.75

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS by Clement C. Moore. Pictures by Constance Whittemore. (The Little Library.) *Macmillan* 1.00

THE OREGON TRAIL by Francis Parkman. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. (Beacon Hill Bookshelf.) *Little* 2.00

KIDNAPPED by Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. *Macmillan* 1.75

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR by Mark Twain. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. *Harper* 2.50

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA by Jules Verne. Illustrated by W. J. Aylward. *Scribner* 2.50

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Riverside Bookshelf.) Illustrated by Helen Mason Grose. *Houghton* 2.00

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE by Charlotte Yonge. Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. *Macmillan* 1.75

"CREATIVE YOUTH"

WHERE will you find so thrilling and tangible an expression of "progressive education" as in "Creative Youth," by Hughes Mearns, an account of the five years' experience of helping high school students in the Lincoln School of Teachers College to a rich and full appreciation and enjoyment of poetry through their own creative experiences, and in the belief "that the best literary education comes with the amplest self-realization of the individual of whatever age he happens to be."

SUNRISE

I've never seen the great sun rise,
For then I am in bed;
The sands of slumber in my eyes
Hold down my drowsy head.

I *think* the sun climbs up the sky
And throws the clouds away,
Then girds her flaming tunic high
And strides to meet the day.

Soft-touched by birds' wings in her head;
Her feet caressed by trees;
She turns their leaves to gold and red
And stoops to drink the seas.

Katharine Kosmak.

CITY NIGHTS

When the lights of the city are bright and they gleam,
And the moon looks down on the level street,
I always dream the selfsame dream:
Of hills that are wide and of woods that are green
And of places where two brooks meet.

James Flexner.

FIRST SNOW

Pierrot
Shows off to the stars
To-night!
In his spotted costume
Spotted white,
Painting the skies,
Gilding the moon,
Balancing pearls
In a silver spoon—

Pierrot
Shows off to the stars
To-night!
Paling winter
In violet light,
Spilling the spoon—
And laughing to see
Pearl upon pearl
Falling on me!

Beatrice Wadhams.

THE BIG SHOW

These verses are the last section from a long poem, "The Circus."

Troupes of boisterous strutting clowns
With yellow cheeks and painted grins,
A far cry from the love-sick frowns
Of sad pierrots and harlequins.

Careening through the polished paraphernalia
Like birds among the jungles of a dream,
The acrobats in glittering regalia
Dazzle life with their own sequin's gleam.

Then bowing when their lauded act is ended,
And tossing kisses, jaunty and so glib,
I wonder if they really comprehended
They've tickled Death along his bony rib?

Tom Prideaux.

"The attitude of the artist toward his work has been an unfailing theme of classroom interest, and in this connection we have never drawn any sharp distinction between fine arts and letters. From the point of view of the Creative Spirit, the arts are one; only the product is different. Constantly, as here and there the excellent verse appeared, the informal talk has centered around the mystery of the product of the artist. Almost any one of our pupils could now discuss the matter from personal experience: deep within us is a vast imaginative power, varying in quality and in intensity, but probably the same in each of us; it finds for itself, in devious unreasonable ways, an artistic expression. This point of view could not be really alive among pupils unless they recognized it as a true interpretation of their daily experience. We ask ourselves—I am now presenting one of our methods of approach—how thoughts come to us; where we got this and that fine idea, this felicitous phrase, that stimulating picture or figure of speech; and while we never achieve completely satisfying answers, we learn to respect the instinctive self within us, that possible product of animal and spiritual race-accumulations which is, at its best, so right and sure, so beautiful and wise. The large liberty permitted us in our school, we comprehend eventually, is to set more free that sure, right, beautiful and wise self."

If only every parent and every teacher with eyes to see and ears to hear could be presented with a copy of this book! The Horn Book Editor has now completed her second reading, and just as in the first reading, the stimulation of it is so great that the book has to be laid down sometimes while excitement is allowed to subside in a walk about the room. It has been almost impossible to select quotations, since the whole book is so vitally significant.

A chair has this year been created for Mr. Mearns at the School of Education, New York University. One cannot regret his loss by the young people at the Lincoln School when one realizes what his inspiration will mean to teachers. How many schools do you know where poetry is still represented only by "The Village Blacksmith," "The Psalm of Life," "The Bells," "The Barefoot Boy," "Ironsides," and "The Old Oaken Bucket"?

"Creative Youth, How a School Environment Set Free the Creative Spirit," with an Anthology of High School Verse by Hughes Mearns. Doubleday, $2.50.

"PUCK IN PASTURE"

THE LEPRECAUN

If you can catch a Leprecaun you are a made man!

Oho! The Elves of Ireland
They dance so hard at night
They dance their very shoes away
In splendour and delight.
God bless their elemental souls,
You cannot see them for the holes!

The only Elf in Ireland
That has a trade at all
It is the cobbler Leprecaun
Who makes and mends them all
The shoes they dance away by night
In green and moony demi-light.

He is the first of cobblers
And best of craftsman too,
For why?—He works at happy things
By gaiety worn through.
God send us each a Leprecaun
To mend the heart of us at dawn!

He's caught the secret of the Earth,
Sun, Wind, and Summer rain
To better happy things that pass
Or build them up again.
They're few of mortal men that look
So far into the Great Green Book.

If you can catch a Leprecaun
And steal away his cap
You'll maybe get a Pot o' Gold
In an exchange, but hap
The Leprecaun has never told
His secret—What's a Pot o' Gold?

This poem and the accompanying illustrations are from one of the gayest books of the fall, "Puck in Pasture." We recommend it to young people and to grown-ups going away for house-party weeks, or wherever else assembled. Poems and pictures are by Elizabeth MacKinstry, a rare person. Think of all this joy coming from a woman educated abroad throughout her youth as a violinist, with her musical future destroyed by illness.

She knows much about old French chronicles, and, perhaps, sometime more of these.

The Bookshop is showing Miss MacKinstry's drawings until November 15.

"Puck in Pasture," Poems and Pictures by Elizabeth MacKinstry
Doubleday, Page & Company, $2.00

WALTER DE LA MARE

A Godfather Fairy

By Lucile Gulliver

ABOUT fifty years ago in a village of Kent in England there was born a baby, and he seemed much like other babies, to judge by an infant's qualities. Only in one respect was he really different. That was his name—and a rather large one it was for a baby—Walter John de la Mare. Walter the baby grew and continued to grow and was soon a boy, resembling other boys, yet there was something besides his name which made him different. A dreaminess it was. He could sit and read or sit and think and make of "one little room an everywhere." His mind possessed a Magic Carpet all its own.

Elphin, Ouph and Fay from "Come Hither"

And Walter the boy developed into manhood and became a young man of culture, and had you come suddenly upon him at the corner of some London street in those days, when he was busy in an office, probably you would have thought he was like the other English gentlemen passing to and fro. Yet the real man—the real self which each of us carries locked away within him—was very different. That Walter de la Mare was a poet.

Poets are supposed to think high and lovely thoughts and express them to others in graceful words and words of strength and beauty. Those who enjoy music surely should like poetry. Poetry *is* music, only in poetry the music is made by the sound of words instead of by notes. While Mr. de la Mare was going about his daily business, which was concerned with arithmetic and oil, the back of his mind was busy with secret thoughts

and the music of poetry singing there. Before long he shared with others his poetic ideas; he expressed them in different kinds of verses and sometimes in prose. So beautiful were they that people began to say, "This man is not only a poet—he is a rare poet." Little by little the business man that he had been faded from London streets, and the poet in his stead walked there. Today we hear only of the poet, living quietly in a suburb of London with his wife and children, and writing books.

And he writes unusual books. While many men and women are poets, Walter de la Mare writes with a fairy wand. He and that magic rod set down fairy poems and fairy stories, tales of witches, mermaids and animals, of dream lands and enchanted places, and that wand, shining with sunshine and starshine and sparkling with jewels, drips glowing colors into his words. How he came by that rod no one can ever know. Who, besides a fairy godmother, bears such a wand—unless it is a fairy godfather? It must be a token that Mr. de la Mare is a traveller in that unseen world we call the imagination, where dreams and visions first appear and skip and flit, and all lovely earthly plans are born. Every great and little invention, or work of art, or plan for man's happiness, in the course of history, was at first just a fairy notion, a fine vision, of some one's spirit, as are Mr. de la Mare's poems.

A few poems will give you an inkling of his kind of verses. He thinks that each of us has a fairy self with whom we smile and play, and who is able to see and hear things which the every-day self is too busy or too stupid to heed. In one poem he calls this other self "the ghost of me, a Fairy Child." In another it is just "myself":

Hide and seek, says the Wind,
  In the shade of the woods;
Hide and seek, says the Moon,
  To the hazel buds:
Hide and seek, says the Cloud,
  Star on to star;
Hide and seek, says the Wave
  At the harbour bar;
Hide and seek, say I
  To myself, and step
Out of the dream of Wake
  Into the dream of Sleep.

This other self tiptoes about, with a heart loving and full of faith, and even lifeless things become friends and open their secrets. Two books of poems, "Down Adown-Derry" and "Peacock Pie," tell of Mr. de la Mare's magical adventures and discoveries. Sometimes his fairy self, faring forth at night, chances on a wild creature:

In the black furrow of a field
  I saw an old witch-hare this night;
And she cocked a lissome ear,
  And she eyed the moon so bright,
And she nibbled of the green;
  And I whispered, "Wh-s-st! witch-hare,"
Away like a ghostie o'er the field
  She fled, and left the moonlight there.

Perhaps he sees some strange, weird, thrilling sight:

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam;
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded, cloaked and cowled, they go.
'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet.
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.
Betwixt the legs of the glittering Chair
They hover and squeak in the empty air.
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;
Up, then, and over to wheel amain,
Under the silver, and home again.

But "the Fairy Child" is as wide-awake by day as by night, and so are fairies, as "Berries" reveals to us:

There was an old woman
  Went blackberry picking
Along the hedges
  From Weep to Wicking.
Half a pottle—
  No more she had got,
When out steps a Fairy
  From her green grot;
And says, "Well, Jill,
  Would 'ee pick 'ee mo?"

And "Jill, she curtseys, and looks just so." The Fairy tells her to seek the hedges near Farmer Grime's hayfields, as she has "berried these hedges a score of times." There Jill found such a store she "scarce could creep home" to her dog Towser:

As soon as next morning
  Dawn was gray,
The pot on the bob
  Was simmering away;
And all in a stew
  And a hugger-mugger
Towser and Jill
  A-boiling of sugar,
And the dark clear fruit
  That from Faërie came,
For syrup and jelly
  And blackberry jam.

Twelve jolly gallipots
  Jill put by;
And one little teeny one,
  One inch high;
And that she's hidden
  A good thumb deep,
Half way over
  From Wicking to Weep.

All Mr. de la Mare's poems are not poems of fairy things. Sometimes he writes of every-day, homely subjects, yet always with a light and airy touch. "Alas, Alack!" and "Mrs. Earth" are two such poems. The former shows that just cooking fish may become a magic act to the poet:

Ann, Ann!
  Come! quick as you can!
There's a fish that *talks*
  In the frying pan.
Out of the fat,
  As clear as glass,
He put up his mouth
  And moaned "Alas!"
Oh, most mournful,
  "Alas, alack!"
Then turned to his sizzling,
  And sank him back.

From "Peacock Pie"

Even so great and serious a subject as physical geography may suggest a lovely fancy. Very delicately in "Mrs. Earth" he compares the great ball, whereon we live, which is earth and water, to a person, who is body, mind and spirit:

From "Peacock Pie"

Mrs. Earth makes silver black,
  Mrs. Earth makes iron red,
But Mrs. Earth cannot stain gold
  Nor ruby red.
Mrs. Earth the slenderest bone
  Whitens in her bosom cold,
But Mrs. Earth can change my dreams
  No more than ruby or gold.
Mrs. Earth and Mr. Sun
  Can tan my skin, and tire my toes,
But all that I'm thinking of, ever shall think,
  Why, neither knows.

His book, "A Child's Day," is filled with rhymes about matter-of-fact things, woven into "a song for Elizabeth Ann":

And all that my song is meant to say
Is just what she did one long, long day,
With her own little self to play with only,
Yet never once felt she the least bit lonely.

Out of bed in the morning she tumbles and in again she slips at night, and many happenings there are in the hours between. Whatever happiness the book brings, it certainly helps to make a tub delightful. All feathered creatures and animals, from the little birds to the elephant, have to bathe:

Whether they want to,
Or not, they *must*.

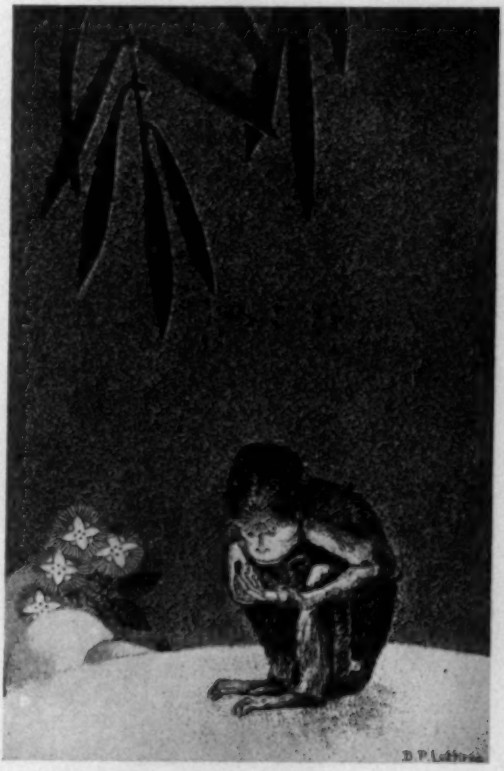
All the while the poet has been writing his own poems, he has been reading and studying the poetry of others. He must have kept a scrap book or else his mind is divided into pigeon holes in which he tucks away his knowledge and memories, for now he has published his favorites. A big collection it is, and he calls the book, "Come Hither," a strange and lovely title. The introduction, which tells certain doings of the boy Walter and his fairy self, also explains the title. Every one who is

young in spirit should prize the book; it is "for the young of all ages," says Mr. de la Mare.

Besides his poems there are three fairy works in prose. One is a play called "Crossings"; the second is "Broomsticks," a group of short stories; the other is a fairy tale, "The Three Mulla-Mulgars."

The twelve stories in "Broomsticks" are less suited to little folks than to boys and girls of more mature minds and to adults who can still suppose. They prove that Mr. de la Mare deserves to be called, as he is, the most fanciful man in England. Some are fairy stories, some ghost stories, filled with sudden quips and pretty fancies, with surprises, creeps and wonder. Impossible stories! Perhaps—yet who can say just what is impossible?

The play was written for a boys' school at Brighton, England, and has proved delightfully actable. The characters include not only the family and friends, but also the Candlestick-Maker of Nowhere, Three Beggars of Everywhere, the Ghost of Somewhere, the Queen of the Fairies, and Fairies Numberless and Innumerable from All Regions of the World.



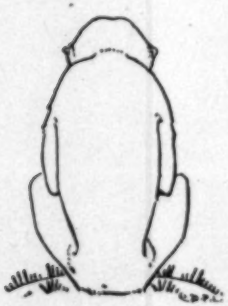
The Wonderstone, from "The Three Mulla-Mulgars"

And now, last but oh, not least, there remains "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," a tale of three monkeys, named Thumb, Thimble and Nod. Of the Blood Royal were these monkeys, and the nephews of Assasimmon, Prince of the Valleys of Tishnar. Tishnar "means all that which cannot be thought about in words, or told or

expressed. So all the wonderful world beyond the Mulgars' lives is Tishnar—wind and stars, too, the sea and the endless unknown." Their parents being no more, these brothers decide to seek their uncle in his wonderful kingdom, whither they have never been, "leagues, leagues away." So they make ready and are off, and their mother's final prayer goes with them, "And oh, remember this always: that you are all three Mulla-Mulgars, who never do walk flambo—that is, on all fours—never taste blood, and never, unless in danger and despair, climb trees or grow a tail." Although their journey away from the snowy forest of common monkeys is cold, dreary and beset with danger, the monkey brothers finally come, happy and triumphant, into Tishnar's enchanted glades and lovely orchards and to monkeys "of a presence and a strangeness." Like the poems this monkey story was written with a fairy wand, shining, sparkling, dripping glowing colors into the poet's words.

Books mentioned in this article:

Walter de la Mare:	
Down-Adown-Derry	$3.00
Peacock Pie	2.25
A Child's Day	1.75
Come Hither	5.00
Crossings	3.50
Broomsticks	2.50
The Three Mulla-Mulgars	2.50



From "The Three Mulla-Mulgars"

The pictures in this article are used through the courtesy of the publishers, A. A. Knopf and Henry Holt Co.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

LA STELLA DI NATALE. A picture book with Italian text.

Price $1.50

"IT was Christmas Eve. The Baby Jesus was preparing to bear peace to earth, good will to men. And suddenly among the angels ran a subdued whisper, a sigh arose, and finally weeping broke out.

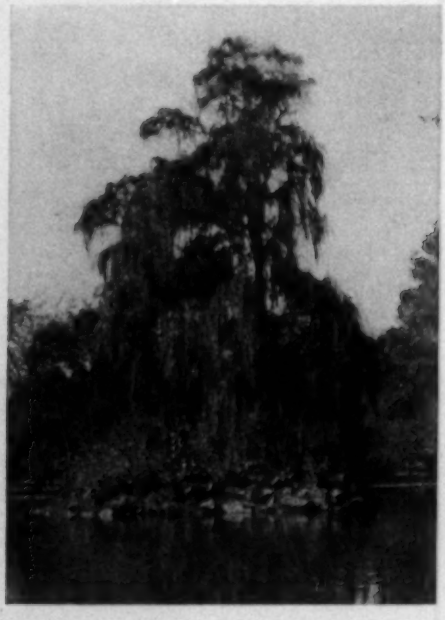
"'Alas! Alas! The star is no longer here. The star that guided the Wise Men of the East. It has gone! Who will find it again?'"

The story tells of the search for the lost star and of how it was found so that there was rejoicing in Heaven and on Earth on Christmas Day. Each page is decorated with delightful pictures that follow the text closely.

ALICE-HEIDI'S SECRETS

IT was just a year ago that I was so excited over my new house, but last year's excitement was nothing compared to the adventure I have had this year. You would never be able to guess about it, so I shall have to tell you. It happened on Hallowe'en night. I felt all day that something was going to happen. The air seemed to be filled with a strange excitement. The pigeons kept flying by the windows all day long. I was sure they were carrying messages all over Boston, they seemed so active and busy. It made me feel very restless and finally after the shop closed I could stand it no longer. I couldn't sit still and read and I kept running to the door and looking out across the quiet street toward the Gardens.

Suddenly I felt I must get out into the world to see what was happening. I thought of letting myself out by the window, but I remembered how brittle and stiff my bones were and how hard the floor was. I sat down in my wing-chair to consider what to do. The next thing I knew there I was flying in my wing-chair out of the alley window. What do you think of that? Up over the trees of the Garden I flew. I thought I had better keep very still and not lean over, because I remembered the fall I had had from Santa Claus' pack. What really did happen was that I came down on the little rocky island in the upper half of the pond. I got out of my chair and looked around me.



The air was heavy with fragrance, for growing among the rocks were sweet-smelling herbs and late blossoming flowers. The moon

was high and its light on the big willow tree turned it to a shimmery grey. The pond lay black along its shadowed edges, and like soft grey satin in its open parts.

How wonderful night was! I must admit, though, that I was a little bit afraid. Every rustle in the trees and bushes

made me uneasy. When a great big black thing moved at the other end of the island, I covered my eyes with my hands and said to myself, "A witch! A witch! O dear! I wish I were safely at home!" But it wasn't a witch. It was only the big black swan. He spread his wings and skimmed out on the water in the clear sweep of unbroken moonlight.

This seemed to be a signal for the Gardens to wake up, for there was a stirring and a rustling all through them. A flock of pigeons alighted on the bridge and began to walk back and forth and converse. Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!

The elm at the head of the pond was filled with twittering English sparrows and some song birds gathered in the nearby shrubbery and began a musical chirping. Suddenly, far down the pond, I saw two white ghosts. They came gliding right towards me, nearer and nearer. I gave a little scream as they were nearly upon me, whereupon the black swan heard me and came close. Then he spoke to me.

"Alice-Heidi, do not be afraid. My cousins, the white swans, will not hurt you. You are about to witness an unusual spectacle and to take part in it if you will. The century plant has blossomed and died down, and not until it again blossoms and dies down, not for another hundred years, will the Gardens be

filled with the magic and mystery that lies over them this Hallowe'en. The pond itself has magical properties." I noticed that even as he spoke many of the birds were flying above it, again and again dipping and rising, then circling back again and skimming very low with their wings trailing.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Every drop of the water gives new strength, new wisdom, and new beauty," and with that his head disappeared under the water and he floated off into the shadows. The white swans had also floated away and I was left alone with the sound of wings and the splashing of water in my ears.

"This is my chance, too," I thought. "If only I have the courage to dip myself I shall become beautiful, strong, and wise.

Then my visitors will no longer be able to say, 'Alice-Heidi is a nice child but how plain!' I do not know whether I can swim or not but I must try." With that I took off my yellow dress and folded it carefully on the chair. Then off came my shoes and stockings. I crept slowly down toward the edge, and fortunately—I slipped. I say fortunately, because my courage might have failed. I slipped, and the next minute I was under the surface. Head first I went with a kick and a splash. The water must have had magic in it, for I came up to the surface and floated out into the moonlight. It was not cold and I laid on my back and looked up at the stars and paddled slowly with my feet and my hands. How wonderful I felt! I was losing all the horrid, stiff, brittle feeling. Would they know me at The Bookshop when I returned? Anyway, they could not help but be pleased, I thought.

Dawn was coming and I heard the distant rumble of trucks. The light was creeping in under the trees and bushes and down the dusky paths. I knew my adventure was over and common everyday life was beginning again. The birds were still and the swans nowhere to be seen. I hurried into my clothes and then sat myself down in my wing-chair. In another minute I was up in the air again and flying over the tree-tops. Back I went through the alley window and into my house.

And what do you suppose was the first thing I did? I ran to look at myself in the mirror, and I certainly did see a change. My hair was pretty and soft, my cheeks pink and smooth, and my eyes had lost their wide starey look. Yes, I was improved. Perhaps I am not so very wise or clever even now, but I feel—oh, so much better for my wonderful Hallowe'en adventure.

ALICE-HEIDI.

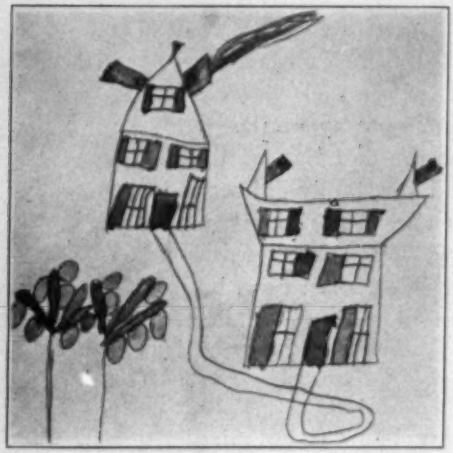
SUMMER EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

"WHAT fun! what fun!" are the words that come involuntarily to the grown-up who looks at the children's drawings shown by The Bookshop from July 5 to October 13. There is not a drawing in the collection that does not express a childhood interest, dream, or pleasure combined with the rare, crystal-clear joy in execution. If you did not see the Exhibition you will get something of its atmosphere from the catalogue of drawings listed below and the sketches reproduced. Here are shown some of the drawings which, with one exception, have not been reproduced before. If only space allowed us to print them all![1]

Readers of the Horn Book will remember that this Exhibition was announced in the March number. Letters were sent to schools throughout the country and notices to newspapers. As a result 960 drawings were received from 621 children, distributed as follows:—40 on the Pacific Coast; 29 in Illinois and Michigan; 6 in Georgia and North Carolina; 110 in Maryland,

[1] *Other reproductions may be seen in the "Independent," September 5, 1925. A very good article also appeared in the "Detroit News" of August 23, with pictures. See also "Progressive Education Quarterly" for October.*

New York, and Pennsylvania; 436 in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. From this number the judges, knowing nothing whatever of the sources of the pictures or their painters,[1] selected the Exhibition group listed below. Mrs. Walter H. Kilham, Charles Hopkinson, and Charles Hovey Pepper were the judges.



Out of Doors, by Peggy Piper

After the spontaneity and pleasure shown in the pictures, one is impressed with the good drawing, and we are reminded of a fine short article on art for children, in which Mr. C. Fleming-Williams of St. Christopher School, Letchworth, wrote: "It has usually been the custom to teach a child to draw before he learns to paint. I believe the best way is to let him try to paint first. The desire to draw will then come automatically, prompted by the child's own desire to learn. Practically all technique can be taught in that way; the child realizing each necessity as it arises, and overcoming the difficulty at the time the desire is felt. There is no future for a child, the present is the world for him, and by trying to make a child learn something that may *some day* be useful to him, you are forcing him into an economical outlook that is quite alien to his nature."

Many hundreds of grown-ups have seen the Exhibition, and some have returned again and again. It has been fine to see the children's interest in the pictures generally, not in their own pictures alone and those of their friends. Two little sisters from Philadelphia visiting The Bookshop for the first time, made an excited and wide-eyed survey, and came hand-in-hand to say, "Would you like *us* to send in some drawings?" And "Do you ever take poems?"

[1] *Except in the case of the two large framed Persian drawings by Anne and Jean Bellows, daughters of the late George Bellows.*

One of the most satisfactory tangible results is the fact that two public libraries in country towns are planning to open a corner where children may draw or paint. From The Bookshop's standpoint, the Children's Drawings Exhibition has proved of such great interest that it will be repeated next summer. The Director will be glad to have suggestions bearing upon any phase of the next year's exhibit.

The Cyclops, by David Metcalf

EXHIBITION CATALOGUE

(Below the name of the school is given the name of the drawing teacher.)

Lincoln School of Teachers College, New York City
Miss Riddick and Mr. Mueller

JOHN F. CROLY, 14 years — Illustration of an original story
AILEEN EGAN, 7 years — No title given, Country Scene

EDITH ERDMAN, 12 years — Illustration—Alice and the Cheshire Cat
FRANCES PAELIN, 11 years — Skating
SARAH SARGENT, 14 years — The Lazy Alligator
EDSON SNOW, age not given — Skating
NO NAME, age not given — A Pirate and His Treasure

Brush Hill School, Readville
Miss Rosamond Conant
ROBERT AMORY, 9 years — The Landing of Columbus
ELIZABETH FIRTH, 11 years — South America
RUTH TIMMERMAN, 9 years — Winter
LOUISA RICHARDSON, 12 years

"And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of nod."
—*Stevenson.*

Out Door Work, by Linda Cannon

Cambridge Neighborhood House, Cambridge
Miss Rosamond Conant
JOHN ANANIS, 10 years — My Farm
WALTER BANGS, 13 years — War Dance

Friends Seminary, New York City
Miss Erica M. Brooks
JEAN BELLOWS, 9 years — No title given, Landscape
The Wedding

Miss King and Miss Coit's School of Acting and Design, New York City
ANNE BELLOWS, 13 years — A Persian Picnic
JEAN BELLOWS, 9 years — Kai Khosra Fighting the Lion and Persians Telling Story

ANNE HINCHMAN, 7 years
Unfinished drawing—Illustrating story of a stolen child being cared for by peasants. King riding over mountains in hope of finding him.

Cambridge Children's Museum, Cambridge
Miss Louise Jackson

LINDA CANNON, 13 years	Out Door Work

Shady Hill School, Cambridge
Miss Rosamond Conant

JOHN COOLIDGE, 11 years	Great Adventure
SAMMY GORDON, 11 years	"If Another Planet Should Hit the Earth"
JOAN HOCKING, 13 years	Lincoln Freeing the Slaves
MARY BETH KILLIAM, 11 years	Winter
PAUL KILLIAM, 9 years	The Odyssey
DAVID METCALF, 10 years	The Cyclops
	Holystoning and Swabbing the Decks With All Hands Ahoy

War Dance, by Walter Bangs
The teacher, who believes in letting the child work without interference, admits she did try to stop this. You see she was unsuccessful, for it is still going.)

Beaver Country Day School, Brookline
Mrs. Carl Van Ness

JOHN CRANDON, 11 years	Ocean Liner
FIELD LEONARD, 10 years	Ship With Armed Men
ELIZABETH LIVERMORE, 14 years	Wotan and Alberich

Woodward School, Boston
Miss Elizabeth Gibbs

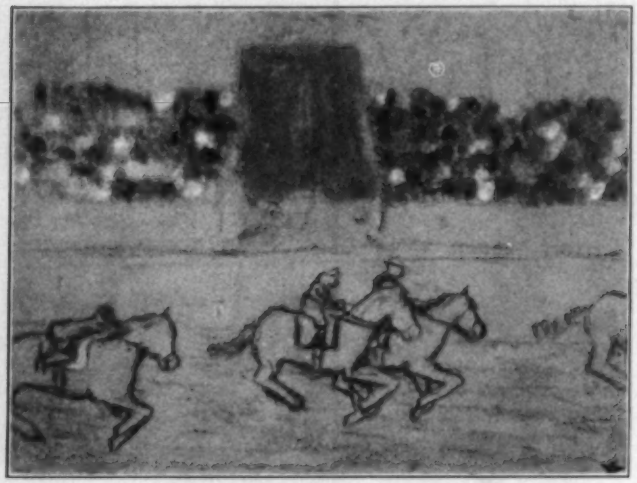
CHARLOTTE DENNY, 9 years	Spring—Inspired by a Persian Miniature
ELIZABETH JAQUES, 8 years	Palm Trees at Sunset
ELLEN OSGOOD, 9 years	From the Esplanade

Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, Rhode Island
Miss Louise Emerson

HOPE EASTWOOD, 13 years	Memory Sketch of New York City
PATRICIA POTTER, 14 years	Memory Sketch of a Circus

Caryl School, Dover
Mrs. Mary Sayward
FRANCIS FISHER, 9 years — Feeding Chickens

Park School, Brookline
Mrs. Carl Van Ness
THOMAS GRAY, 13 years — Knights in Combat
MARION MOFFETT, 9 years
The Cock—Drawn to illustrate Hilda Conkling's Poem, "The Cock"
DAVID PARK, 14 years — Departure from the Château
CHARLES M. STOREY, JR., age not given — Ancient Egypt
ELEANOR STRICKLAND, 13 years — Japan



The Pony Show, by Louise Ogier

Buckingham School, Cambridge
Miss Daphne Dunbar
LYMAN GREENFIELD, 13 years — An Imaginative Landscape
WALTER TIBBETTS, 6 years — Locomotive

Thorne School, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
Miss Elizabeth Merritt
MARGERY GUMMEY, 13 years
Flower Design Showing Opposition of Line and Mass

Miss Hewins School, Dedham
Miss Pratt
AZOR HOWELL, 12 years — Landscape
ELEANOR D. LEITH, 12 years — Snow Scene
LAURA WIGGINS, 12 years — No title given, Snow Scene

Edwards School, Beverly
Miss Elfrida V. Callister

Mima Martelli, 13 years	Playing House
Paul Richards, 13 years	Old Time Minute Men
George Stevens, 10 years	Unloading in the Early Morning
Chester A. Wykes, 10 years	Looking Down from the Top of the Big Tent

Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Maryland
Miss Margaret M. Law

Louise Ogier, 12 years	The Pony Show
Caroline Powell, 13 years	The Christmas Party

Concord Academy, Concord
Miss Katharine B. Dewey

Peggy Piper, 6 years	Out of Doors
Henry Thompson, 7 years	The Fight at Concord Bridge

Washington School, Beverly
Miss Elfrida V. Callister

Frank Ricciardi, 11 years	Picnic

Winchester, no school given
Miss B. E. Creighton, Teacher

Mary Armstrong, 12 years	Balloon Man

New Haven, Connecticut, no school given
Miss Annie M. Littell, Teacher

Alphonse Narcisco, 10 years	Lawn Party

A Picnic by Frank Ricciardi